#### THE TYPEWRITER WHO WOULDN'T TELL

### A Romance Nearly Shattered During an Evening at the Theatre.

### BY WART ANGELA DICKENS

Competate 1902, by S. S. McClure Co. Gladys Shorter, seated in the far corner of a Walham Green omnibus, was surveying one world with a vague little smile born the consciousness of being really well dressed. She had on all her best clothes, and they were nearly new

Her jacket was last year's certainly, and if it had not been for her mother's stringent representations she would have managed without it in spite of the fact that it was a chilly October evening. However, worn open to display her lace tie and pearl necklace, it did not interfere so very much with the general effect, and her hat, in Gladys's opinion, made amends for everything.

It was quite the most fashionable shape, and it suited her remarkably well. She had succeeded in putting it on at just the right angle, and every woman knows that this to a feat not always to be accomplished.

And the arrangement of her veil left nothing to be desired. It was a pretty little face behind the veil, a little powdery at this moment, but that in Gladys's eyes

was quite the thing.

The outline was very soft and girlish. There was not much depth in the big brown eyes, though they were quick and bright as are the eyes of most of the girls who work for their bread day after day. Her whole expression indeed was chiefly remarkable for a certain simple elation.

It was about 7 o'clock on a Saturday evening; the omnibus was nearly empty and it proceeded on its way with an un hurrying rumble. Gladys took not the faintest interest in the route had she not already traversed it twice that day, and did she not traverse it twice every day of her life on her way to the city office where she worked as a typewriting clerk?

She was gazing placidly into vacancy her mind engaged in a series of mild me-anderings which she would have characterfred as thinking, when a halt on the part of the omnibus was followed by the entrance of a stout woman who sat down heavily "Lor'. Gladys!" observed the newcomer,

how are you, my dear? Where are you off to at this time in the evening?"

Two pretty dimples made their appear ance in Gladys's cheeks.
"Why, Mrs. Masters," she said, "who'd

have thought of seeing you? Oh, me I'm going down to Drury Lane Theatre." The elder woman nodded knowingly and her eyes took in all the details of Gladys's appearance.

'My! Area't you smart, too! Going to meet Mr. Loftie, I suppose?"

Gladys nodded and simpered a little girlishly and innocently. He likes to go to the theatre now and

then of a Saturday evening," she said. And it was quite obvious that in Gladys's eves while "he" entertained such sentiments toward the drama the drama might safely hold up its head. The elder woman nodded again, respectfully.

He's doing very well, I'm told, is Mr. Leftie," she said. "You're a very lucky girl, Gladys, my dear." Gladys giggled. She did this because

the vocabulary at her command did not allow her any adequate expression of her

"His firm's in the tea trade, same as yours, isn's it?" inquired Mrs. Masters "That seems funny now, don't "Well, I don't know about that," Gladys

said. "It was through him coming in and out to us that we got acquainted, don't

"And when's the wedding likely to be?" made even the little high-pitched voice pretty to hear-"and he doesn't see why we should wait. And-and I shouldn' wonder if it was to be somewhere abou the spring.

Mrs. Masters patted the girl's arm approvingly.

"And I'm sure I'm glad to hear it, my dear," she said. "Your mother'll miss

The bright brown eyes softened for a moment, but Gladys was an eminently practical little person. "She's got the lodgers to think of," said

the girl, "and I shall be in and out a good We don't mean to settle more than five minutes' walk away. Getting out here are you, Mrs. Masters? Good evening." Masters's parting benedictions

tor's injunction to her to "come along mum, please," and Gladys relapsed into mum, please, and Gladys relapsed into that state of unemotional satisfaction from which Mrs. Masters has roused her. She stopped the omnibus with a busi-ness-like briskness when she reached her destination and got out, feeling her hat and veil anxiously to make sure that all was still as it should be. Then she turned and went up a side street, burying her

and went up a side street, hurrying her quick, short steps as she became aware of a man's figure waiting at the farther "Oh, Alf!" she said breathlessly, "you're

"Oh. Alf:" she said breathlessly, "you're never going to tell me I'm late?"

Mr. Alfred Leftie lifted his hat with an air which he considered equal to anything that could be seen at the most fashlonable hour in the park. In doing so he displayed a very curly head of light hair and a fair-complexioned face.

He had been doing for himself—and in the opinion of his friends and relations doing remarkably well for himself—ever since he was 15. And now at two and twenty he had the keen eyes of a man of business in curious conjunction with cheeks

business in curious conjunction with cheeks which had not yet lost the roundness and fulness of youth. He was dressed, according to his lights, as carefully as was Gladys.

Mr. Alfred Loftie had risen by force of shrewd intelligence and indomitable energy and push to be head clerk in a firm of tea shippers and he had no small opinion of himself. The interests of the business were his own interests, since he meant to be a partner therein before he were his own interests, since he was many be a partner therein before he was many

years older

Having replaced his hat he extended two fingers to Gladys with an air of the highest fashion and a cheerful grin.

Well, if you say so I suppose I'm not," he said with a facetiousness of tone which in the society in which Loftie was a shining light made up for any lack of verbal humor.

"It's not for me to contradict a lady, is it?"

"O, but Alf, dear, I'm not late—not really. Lean't he! I started ever so punctually!" O, but All, dear, I'm not late - not really.

I can't be! I started ever so punctually!'

Loftie's boyish countenance, which had assumed an expression of injured indignation, relaxed into a broad smile, and he laughed telimpatics.

laughed triumphantly.

I gave you a turn, though, didn't 1?

he seid.

"Come on!" he added, slipping his hand through her arm and turning in the direction of the theatre. "I want to get a good place. They say this is a first-rate show."

The play was a melodrama of the most thrilling description, and in the short interactions the first and second acts Giadys.

thrilling description, and in the short interval between the first and second acts Giadys, pink-cheeked and bright-eyed with excitement, was voluble on the subject of the hero's wrongs and the heroine's frock, and demanded a full explanation from Loftie-who was more than willing to lay down the law-as to all the possibilities connected with the machinations set on foot by the villain.

Perhaps the second act was not quite so deeply interesting; at any rate Loftie

so deeply interesting; at any rate Loftie let the discussion of its merits drop before the curtain rose again, and sat for a moment

meditatively studying the programme. Then he said, casually:

"Busy at your place just now, Gladys?"
Gladys nodded: She was eating a chocolate cream, which interfered with speech for the moment.

"That's a big consignment you've just got from Ceylon, isn't it?"
Gladys shook the bag of chocolates and peered interestedly into its depths. She was wondering what kind she liked test. Is it?" she said indifferently. "I don't

know, Alf, I'm sure. Have a choc."

Loftie put his hand into the bag she held out to him and drew out a choco-late. Then he looked at it as though he were not quite sure what it was meant for.

"Making an offer to Clarkson's?" he said.

The excessive carelessness of his tone

The excessive carelessness of his tone might have appeared a trifle unnatural to any one whose perceptions were not concentrated on chocolate creams, but Gladys only thought that it was rather slow of him to talk business.

"Yes," she said. "I typed the letter

this morning "O, you did, did you?" said Loftie. "What are you offering them?"
Gladys tossed her head coquettishly.
She was a trifle thrown off her balance

with excitement. "How tiresome you are all of a sudden" e said. "I didn't come here to talk about at stupid old office. Say something ore lively."

"I'll be lively," said Loftie, putting the chocolate into his mouth as earnest of his words, "if you'll just answer my question, Gladys" "I don't know what your question was,"

she said wilfully "Gladys, don't be a silly! Just tell me the terms your people are offering Clark-

Son.

Perhaps his peremptory tone acted as an irritant on the girl's excited nerves. She lifted her little pointed chin in the air and turned her shoulder toward him.

"I shan't tell you anything at all, if you speak to me like that," she said. "So there! Little silly, indeed. It's you that's

Libink He resented her rebellion now with a promptitude which characterized all his

"Why, whatever's come over you, Gladys? Flying out like that just because I want to have a little rational conversation! Catch

me bringing you to the theatre again "You can please yourself about that.
I'm sure."
The sentence issued shortly from the averted profile, and a dead silence fell

pon the pair.

Quite thirty seconds must have passe

Quite thirty seconds must have passed during which the young man and the young woman contemplated opposite sides of the auditorium in silence. Then a flush crept over Gladys's face and she stole a glance out of the corners of her eyes in Loftie's direction.

Perhaps he caught the glance. At any rate he had the sense to maintain and

even to intensify the indignation of his expression, and Gladys's color despened. Another thirty seconds passed, and then a small voice, half injured and half ap-

No answer. Mr. Alfred Loftie preserved countenance of stone. "We were having such a nice evening.

Alf."
"I'm not aware that it's my fault that we're not having a nice evening now."
"I'm sure I'm very sorry if it's my fault. said Gladys, with increasing meekness.

There was a tremble in her voice which caused Loftie to forget his resolution and look hastily round. And as their eyes

met she murmured:
"It wasn't kind of you to call me silly,
now, was it?"

now, was it?"

Leftie moved a little nearer to her and their hands met in reassuring clasp, which was not in the least hindered by the publicity of their position.

"I am given to being a bit nasty now and then, Gladys, and you mustn't take any notice of it."

and then, Gladys, and you mustn't take any notice of it."

"And we won't have any more words, will we?" she whispered. "I—I can't bear having words with you, Alf."

His response was uttered in an even lower key and some minutes had passed, during which the conversation was carried on in undertones, before he said, jocosely:
"And now, just to show it's all blown over, you might answer my question."
"About the tender?" she said. "Oh, yes, of course, Alf. We're offering.—"

His hand was drawn through her arm and he felt her start suddenly as she stopped

and he felt her start suddenly as she stopped short, letting her sentence die away on her lips. The curtain rose at the same moment and he thought it was this which

had distracted her attention. "Go on," he whispered.
But she made no answer, and Loftie
was too good a playgoer to press the question at the moment.

tion at the moment.

If he could have seen Gladys's face, as she looked straight before her with contracted brows and startled eyes, he would have known that she was hardly aware that the curtain had risen.

But the interest of that third act was

But the interest of that third act was positively breathless, and Loftie was soon so absorbed in it that he completely forgot his companion. When little murmurs of horror or admiration broke from the crowded pit, he never realized that Gladys, usually so ready with gasps and ejaculations of emotion, added no quota to the general sound.

general sound.

And when the curtain fell on a wholly And when the curtain fell on a wholly unexpected situation, amid the applause of the house, he did not notice, even when he turned to her, clapping vehemently the while, that Gladys was quite unmoved, and even distrait in expression.

"Well, that was as good a thing as I've seen for a long time!" said Loftie, enthusestically as seen as speech was receible.

seen for a long time!" said Loftie, enthusiastically, as soon as speech was possible
"It was splendid," returned Gladys,
vaguely. Then she added hurriedly: "Alf,
dear, you don't really want me to tell you
about that tender, do you?"

The boyish enthusiasm faded out of
Loftie's face and his expression became
unusually keen and business-like.
"You bet I do," he said. "Go ahead,
Gladys."

Gladys.

Gladys."

The trouble in Gladys's eyes grew deeper.
"I'm afraid I can't tell you," she faltered. "You see we're—we're not supposed to talk about what goes on in the office."

"Of course you're not," he answered promptly. "But that's got nothing to

"Of course you're not," he answered promptly. "But that's got nothing to do with your telling me, Gladys. I've a reason for wanting to know, don't you see?"
"And I want to tell you," she said, dee? perately "Especially since we've had words about it. But it came into my head all of a sudden that they said when they engaged me, of course I wasn't to talk about what went on inside outside, and I said I woudn't.

about what went on inside outside, and I said I woudn't."

The outline of Loftie's chin and jaw took a singularly obstinate expression.

"Now look here, Gladys," he said, sinking his voice, "I see what you mean, of course, If it should come out that you spoke about this, you think you'd lose your post. But if it should well, its worth losing your post for."

There was a pathetic expression of perplexity in the brown eyes that regarded him so fixedly.

"I'll tell you just how it is," he said, lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lowering his voice so that not a word could lower word word lower word lower word word lower word lower

"I'll tell you just how it is," he said, lowering his voice so that not a word could reach even their nearest neighbors. "We've got a big consignment from Ceylon, too. We're tendering to Clarkson's, and if we should get the contract through a tip from me—why it'd just about make me. Now, we don't want to put it too low, because it doesn't look well, and, besides, where are your profits? But if I knew what your people were going—why, there you are, don't you see?

"You mean you'd just undersell them?" said Gladys in a frightened whisper.

"That's it," he said, triumphantly "And we could be married at Christmas."
But Gladys clasped her hands tightly, an shook per head.

"I can't, Alf," she said. And something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her.

"You can't? What's to prevent you?"

her.

"You can't? What's to prevent you?"

"Why, you see—it's what I know as their clerk—and you'd—you'd—you'd get the contract instead of them. And it 'ud be somehow—oh, Alf, don't look like that like me—me robbing them."

"Well. I'm jiggered!"

The words came from Loftie slowly and weightily as he sat staring at the little figure lesside him as blankly as though it had suddenly changed its shape before his very eyes.

"If any one had told me that you could such subbish as that, Gladys, I shouldn't have believed them," he said. His words were none the less emphatic for the undertone in which they were spoken. "That's what comes of girls getting taken on as clerks. They get talking of things they don't know anything about, and pretty nonsense they make of it. Robbing them. ndeed! Why, can't you see it's a matter of business? They tender and we tender, and that's all about it.

"It isn't a matter of business if I've said what they think I shan't say," said Giadys.

what they think I shan't say," said Giadys. Her lips were quivering as she uttered the low words, and she did not look up. "I can't put it right, I—I'm no good at explaining things—but I know somehow that it wouldn't be fair."

"Upon my blessed word." ejaculated lofte.

Loftie.

The novelty of her opposition, and still more the wholly unexpected nature of her views absolutely took his breath away. Then as resentment at being thwarter grappled with amazement, the color grappled with amazement, the cold mounted to his face. "You don't seem to notice that you'r

"You don't seem to notice that you're paying me a poor compliment," he said.

If you can't put trust in my word when I tell you a thing's right, why it's a pity that you ever said you'd have m. . Can't you understand that I know more about these things than you do?

"Yes, of course," she said, catching eagerly and piteously at a chance of propitating him. "Of course, you know better about everything, Alf. dear."

"Well, then, do as I tell you," he said, angrily.

angrily.

Gladys lifted a pair of beseeching, in finitely perplexed, but resolute eyes to

his face.
Oh, Alf, dear, don't—don't ask me, she said.
If a person thinks a thing's wrong why, then, it's wrong for them to do it.
But Loftie's was not a temper that bore opposition. The band was playing a selecopposition. The band was playing a selec-tion from a comic opera—a selection whic dadys recalled with detestation long after Gladys recalled with detestation long after its brief career on the hand-organs was over, and during the instant in which a roll of drums made speech impossible she saw his face harden and whiten with anger As soon as he could make himself heard he

spoke.

"Now, look here, Gladys," he said, "it's no use talking like that. I have asked you and I do ask you, and if you won't tell me it's all off between us—so now!"

A flood of crimson color rushed over Glady's poor little face and ebbed away, leaving it very pale. But she only said, witcome it.

piteously:
"Oh, Alf, don't say that!"
"It's your own doing," he returned.

grimly.

They had neither of them noticed that the curtain had gone up on the last act and their whispered words were suddenly hushed in silence by the complaints of the reighbors.
They sat looking at the brilliantly lighted

stage until the curtain fell again and then Loftie rose mechanically. He led the way through the crowd, followed by Gladys,

through the crowd, followed by Gladys, and as they got into the street he said:

"Are you going to tell me?"

But Gladys only shook her head.
Gladys never knew very well how she got home that night. She was only quite sure that Leftie did not go with her. She told her mother that she had "the headache awfully bad," and burying her face in the pillow as soon as might be, she pretended to go to sleep.

o go to sleep. It was not till the next morning that he high tide of her unhappiness broke upon Gladys.
"I couldn't help it," she said to herself, as full realization came upon her. "I couldn't help it. But, oh, I do wish I was

Mrs. Shorter's keen perceptions early Mrs. Shorter's keen percent to told her that Gladys's headache was only to be accounted for by "something wrong with her and Alf." Being a woman of much discretion, she did not press her daughter for her confidence, but left her in bed, a luxury which Sunday morning alone per-mitted her, and brought her the only balm she could offer, in the shape of a cup of tea. And in bed Gladys lay and cried till she

And in bed Gladys lay and cried till she could cry no more.

She got up eventually and wandered down to the little sitting room in the basement—a disconsolate and dishevelled little figure. And when the time came for evening church—Mrs. Shorter's one weekly dissipation—that worthy woman was in twenty minds at once as to whether or no her daughter would "take it kind" if she stayed at home with her.

Finally she decided that Gladys "didn't want any notice took," and proceeded to array herself in her Sunday clothes.

"She doesn't expect young Loftie, that's certain," Mrs. Shorter said to herself as she proceeded along the passage to the

she proceeded along the passage to the street door: "she'd have curled her hair if whatever there'd been be

them. Now, I do hope and trust—
She opened the street door at this point
and her ruminations were cut suddenly For there on the doorstep stood Oh, good evening, Mrs. Shorter," he do nervously "-I was just going to said, nervously. "-I was just going to ring at the beil."
"Good evening, Alfred," returned Mrs

Shorter, graciously, though she felt a pang for her daughter as she thought of the uncurled hair. 'You'll excuse me being on my way to church, won't you? Gladys

on my way to church, won't your bladys is downstairs in the sitting room, but she's not well."

"May I go down," said Loftle.

"You know your way," said Mrs. Shorter.

Gladys, downstairs, heard the front door shut and she rested ber face on a hard of a cutting the same to cry again. sofa cushion and began to cry again. Then suddenly she heard a step on the kitchen stairs—a step that she knew. She lifted her head and looked round at

the door, a picture of blank, frightene amazement. The steps came slowly or and at last the door was pushed open and Loftie stood there.

But it was quite a different Loftie from

the angry, aggressive, determined young man from whom she had parted on the previous night. This Lottle was deprecat-ing in expression and shamefaced in manner. He swore softly under his breath as he saw

ing in expression and shamefaced in manner. He swore softly under his breath as he saw her face.

"I—I suppose you won't care for me to come in," he said.

But Gladys could not speak.

"I just wanted to say," continued Loftie, coming a few steps into the room in spite of his first words, "that I'm quite aware that I've acted like a brute. I didn't see it no more than the blind when you put it to me last night."

"You being so steady it set me thinking, and by and by I saw it as plain as anything. You were right about its not being on the straight—what I asked you.

"And I humbly beg your pardon. Gladys, I suppose it's no good asking you to—to look over it? You couldn't—take me on again, could you?"

They were married in the ring, after all, and long before that time the episode had nearly faded from Gladys's mind save as a vague and terrible dream. Even to Loftle it gradually became only a dim memory.

In all unconsciousness she had stood be-

ory.
In all unconsciousness she had stood be tween him and the first steps from the paths of uprightness. And her influence, though neither of them again realized that such a factor existed in their lives, kept him "on the straight" to the end.

# THE RETIRED BURGLAR. Of the Deathlike Stillness Following

Stopping of a Clock at Night. "Ever hear a clock stop in the midd of the night?" said the retired burglar. I did, once, and I never was much more scared by anything, for a minute, in my

"I'd just picked up a watch that was layin' on the top of a bureau in a house that I was in when all of a sudden there seemed to drop right down, somehow, a stillness that was like death; and I found myself standing there holding that watch and looking around in the dark in all di-

rections expecting something terrible to happen; and scared? Why, for a minute I was scared almost Why, for a minute I was scared almost out of my senses. And then all of a sudden it struck me that a clock that I'd been hearing ticking away good and strong up to that minute in the room back of the one I was in had stopped.

That's all, but that was enough for me, and I met all dout.

I just slid out. like a quiet house, but I don't like one with that kind of stillness in it and then, sometimes folks are woke up by a clock stopping just about as quick as they would be by the firing of a gun. CEEMED LIKE A STRAIGHT TIP ON BLUES

## The Woman Whose New Gown Dyed Her Before the Race Tells of a Hunch Gone Wrong.

The woman with the washed-out polkatot gown looked sadly at her friend in the fresh looking tan linen frock who had called to see her.

"What are you looking so blue about?" asked the tan linen girl. The washed-out woman eyed her sharply. Then she flushed. "I suppose you mean my gown?" she replied. to see me wearing such a raggy looking thing but I'm doing it as a punishment!" The tan linen girl looked the washy gown over. "Are your sins as bad as that?" she said. "I can hardly believe it!"

"No womanly woman should ever bet on a horse race!" announced she who was being punished. "Oh, I don't know!" said the tan linen "I won a hat and a dozen gloves

and two pounds of bon bons on the Suburban "Oh, pouf! I don't mean bets like that. You never have to pay if you lose. I mean real money."

"I never knew you were that sort of a girl!" said the tan linen one. "No, I am not; that's the trouble. don't know anything about it. But there are worse things. It all began with this gown-this limp, spotty looking thing you see me wearing. This is one of those alluring creations that you see in shop windows on a beautiful blonde wax lady with red finger nails."

"Just fancy" said the tan linen girl "You wouldn't notice the gown at all



A STRAIGHT TIP ON BLUES

scept that you see it from the street ca You wouldn't see it except that it has it big staring price mark on the wax lady chest or hanging from her elbow like theatre bag This holds you and although you may have the natural, inborn antipathy for purchasing goods that are marked in windows, it fascinates you like a Japanes

crystal. "In reality it is a regularly cooked-up trap for catching feminine lobsters, and nine one than the other kind. You stand staring at the gown and say to yourself. Twenty-five dollars. Goodness. That's how some women manage to dress so cheaply. Now I should go to Chargem's and pay forty-five for one no better

"You don't really think of getting the gown, but you yield to the temptation of gown, but you yield to the temptation of going in a shop that you've never been in before. You are met inside the door by an imposing specimen of masculinity, who smiles and bows with a certain magnificent unbending of dignity and then almost carries you to the elevator. When you are projected on the floor designated you are met by another man. He usually looks as though he'd seen better days and has that straggly sort of whiskers that you might call near-whiskers.

"This man scrapes before you and calls out a young woman, 6 feet high with a 48 bust measure, who passes you on to another Juno. By this time they have you landed and in the basket. You feel posi-

other Juno. By this time they have you landed and in the basket. You feel positively ashamed to have come in for such a cheap gown. Frequently all they have to do is to bring out a \$50 or a \$100 gown at

this stage and you order it.

"If you have the money, you mean?"

"And sometimes when you don't have
it. You find the gowns are made up without any silk lining. That, of course, red their value, but the heavyweight girl you they are so light for summer. Then with a sort of Japanese wrestling tactics they get one around you in some way before a tail mirror and pull it down in the back just as Warfield does when he sells a coat in the play, and tell you that all it needs is a little alteration.

coat in the play, and tell you that all it needs is a little alteration

"This is just what happened to me. I will say that the Juno girl seemed too kind-hearted for her place, for she gave me a funny little look, lifted her eyebrows just a little bit—like this."

"And didn't you understand? That means twenty-three."

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three." "Twenty-three? And what does twenty-three mean?"
"Why, 'Get out quick.' Well-you are

"She said: 'Don't you fancy those other gowns in black and white? They cost a little more, but they are quite cheek! I bought one myself this morning."

"No, thanks,' I said. Then she sent for the made a few passes around

"No, thanks.' I said. Then she sent for the fitter. He made a few passes around—you know how they do—and said That'll be 36. Miss MacGrouchy!"
"MacGrouchy!"
"MacGrouchy!"
"Ses; they always have queer names like that. Just the same as you find 'Pinkie Chinn' and 'Birdie Glue' on programmes. Well, I told them I wanted the gown sent home the next day, because I was going on a little journey and wanted to wear it in the cars. I tried to convey the impression that I was going to throw it away when I reached the other end of the trip. You know how one acts when buying anything cheap. But I wanted to wear it to the Suburban. It came home the day before the race."

inen girl.

"And I thought I'd wear it in the afternoon, just to get the first newness out of it. I was going to dinner in the evening and had to get some gloves, so I went downtown for them. And here's where the transity herins.

town for them. And here's where the tragedy begins.

"I was safely on the way home when it began to rain—one of those sudden awful downpours. I was drenched before I could get in a doorway or a cab or a car or anything. When I got home this gown was like this, only much worse, and, oh, so wet! It clung to me like a flag around a mast in a rainstorm. But the worst of it all was I had changed color. My neck and shoulders and arms were blue. And it wouldn't wash off. Nothing would touch it.

"The dinner was out of the question, so I called them up on the telephone. It was at the Baskinridges, and I got Ned Baskinridge on the 'phone and I explained

who bought a white finnel yachting suit once and got caught in the rain and had to go home in a cab. I said I wouldn't have minded that, but changing color was another thins.

Then, you know, how men are. He said: Just put or a heavy veil and come over anyhow. They were picking winners for

"You don't understand how had it is," I said. 'It may be poisonous. And missing the dinner and all has given me the blues

besides
Then he suddenly ejaculated something

and I thought he'd had an electric shock. I asked what was the matter.

"If that isn't the straightest kind of a tip, said he, and he began to tell the others what had happened. Then he told me of the horse Blues that was to run at Sheepshead Bay. He said there was a tip out on him.

And that's about all," said the washed-



To an American accustomed to the rapidity of even the longest-drawn game of baseball, the leisurely procedure of a cricket match is startling—the only thing about it that is. It is time for the match to begin; the players saunter out, there is some discussion about the first men at the bat, the umpires take their places, and when some one happens to think of it the game begins. The bail is bowled, the batsman perhaps strikes at it, perhaps he does not; he may give it a "real hard smack," but if he does not feel like running, he doesn't have to, and unless some fielder gets it on the fly, he stays at the bat. When he is out there is a discussion as to his successor, who nine times out of ten has to harness himself before he can go to the bat.

But even when everything is going as "ALL IT NEEDS IS A LITTLE ALTERATION out girl, wearily; 'we all went the next day and I wore the gown for luck, and four veils. I was very popular going down. They said I was a mascot. But it was so different coming home.

"Why, Blues was third," said the tan girl.

Yes, but we didn't bother with anything te that. The tip was too straight, they id. Ah, well, it's all over now. harness himself before he can go to the bat.

But even when everything is going as rapidly as a cricket game ever goes, after five balls the umpire for the side in the field calls "Over!" and everybody changes places except the batsmen. The ten men in the field move around, taking the positions necessary to fill in view of the changed positions of the bowlers; and the game goes on from the other end of the field. Finally, ten men of the side at bat are put out; it may take ten minutes—unless public opinion forbids—or it may take two or three days, depending on the number of days to be consumed in the game, but at last they are all out. Then there is a wait of from ten minutes to two hours, while the other side gets ready. It is only fair to say if the wait is very long it is used for luncheon.

In the county matches last year 320 "Oh, you don't know how to bet!" ex-ciaimed the tan linen girl, triumphantly. "Why, I won on Watercure." "Watercure?" said the washed-out girl; "why, he came in next to last."
"Ah, yes," said the tan linen girl, "but I know how to bet, you see. I always bet all the way round."

CHANGING THE CRICKET RULES. Dr. Grace's Suggestion as to Shorter

lunings - Made Before, but Impossible. LONDON, June 10 .- Dr. William G. Grace, the famous cricketer, is a very remarkable man. Many years ago Punch, that symbol of all that is sacred from jest, printed a (Punch) joke about him, to this effect: "First Curate, devout-How wonderful is grace what things it does!

Second Ditto, worldly-Yes, ain't

Hundred and fifty an' not out!" That gives an inkling of how wonderful and remarkable Grace is. But he is even more remarkable. After playing cricket for years be now has come forward with the proposal that cricket matches henceforth shall be limited to a single day's playing! Heretofore the great county matches have taken two or three days; and every one who reads about cricket in America three matches are draws there because were not finished within the stipu-

lated time, whatever that may have beengenerally one day A good many years ago an American

### TALKING STONES. One Pastime at Which City Boys in the Country Can Amuse Themselves.

Contrary to the general belief, city boy are often at a loss to know how to amuse themselves in the country. They do not understand how to make the most of the opportunities at hand. Here are some hints of use to such lads:

There is a particular class of amuse ments to which boys are much given, which are but little understood by the older people. These are the amusements which have to do with imagining oneself something quite different from what one

It is usually a very reckless, blood-thirsty individual whom boys choose to represent Perhaps they form themselves into a band of outlaws, possibly the famous crew under the lead of Robin Hood; it may chance that they will turn pirates, and the leading spirits will be known as Kidd or Morgan;

a testimonial of £1,400 on his completing the total of 10,000 runs in 100 times at the bat—so that whatever he says on the sub-ject of altering the game is likely to have some weight. Lookers-on in Vienna will hope that his suggestion may be accepted. to prove the efficiency of the band in the

to prove the emclency of the band in the use of their weapons.

The method of leaving messages by means of sticks and stones is quite simple. One afternoon of practice should perfect any boy in its use.

The alphabet is given in the diagram accompanying this article. The black line directly under the printed alphabet can be always to direct the control of the cont be drawn in dirt or scratched on a boulder Each of the crosses about this line repre

sents a stone.

One stone placed across the line, as shown in the diagram (see the first cross at the left of the line), represents the letter A. A stone placed so that its lower edge just touches the line represents the letter B.

ter B.

A stone placed so that its upper edge just touches the line represents the letter C. A stone placed just above the line, not touching it, represents the letter D. A stone placed just below the line, not touching it, represents the letter E.

Two stones placed vertically across the line, represents the letter E.

Two stones placed obliquely across the

ABCDEFEHI JALMNO PORSTUVNXIZE 

ent the letter P.

or else the boys suddenly become Indians with a chief named Sitting Bull or Rainin-the-Face.

In whatever game of this sort the boys may adopt a great deal must be imagined It was largely to escape ridicule, which every boy dreads, but partly, also, because they liked the idea of writing in such a fashion that it could not be read except by their own fellows, that a crowd of boys in the upper part of New York State were led to evoive a form of cipher by means of which they could leave messages intelligible only to a few chosen spirits.

Unless one was in the secret, these mer sages looked like nothing except a few sticks and stones scattered by the roadside; but to those who had worked out the stick-and-stone alphabet the letters were perfectly intelligible. In playing at being Robin Hood and his

hand, which was the chief amusement of these boys, this means of writing was of great assistance in gathering the band. and in making known to late comers the commands of their leader. At certain rendezvous details of the plan for the day would be left, and in this way different members of the band could at any time learn where their fellows were to be found and in what they were engaged making arrows, searching for sea-soned hickory out of which to fashion new bows, or, possibly, holding a tournament

line, slanting upward from left to right, represent the letter K. Two stones placed obliquely across the line, slanting upward from right to left, represent the letter U. Three stones placed with their lower edges touching the line, represent the letter Z. Two stones with a slight space between them, placed so that their lower edges just touch the line, represent the character &. This is usually contracted in stonewritten messages to one stone, A., answering in place of "and." The context will always make this abbreviation intelligible. The remaining letters of the alphabet explain themselves. Considerable space must be left between words or an improvement on this is to lay a small twig between your words.

If you find that strangers are attempting to read your messages, place twigs arranged in regular forms as are the stores between

lf you find that strangers are attempting to read your messages, place twigs arranged in regular forms, as are the stones, between words. This will hopelessly confuse any one who is not in the secret. No attention need be paid to capitalization.

When a boy has familiarized himself with the alphabet, the sticks and stones in the diagram will be found to read:

"Making arrows at the big spring."
When the messages indicated to a member of the outlaw band that his fellows were engaged in some sort of work which would keep them moving about, as, for instance, searching for new camping grounds, new springs, or the proper kinds of wood from which to make bows and arrows, he would find his companions through his knowledge of the part of the woods where they were most likely to find what they wanted, and by tracking them.

WILY UNCLE SAMMY RAZEE

who had merely watched erichet, but had

never played it, suggested to an enthusi-astic Englishman that it might be possible

to quicken the game by having a side re-

But it would quicken the game and pre-

'Ye es, it might do that," admitted the

vent some of the draws that occur," per

Englishman. 'But it's never been done-

and besides, you know, the captain can

But is he obliged to do so? If he doesn'

"Well, it would need a change in the

Why not change the rules, if the idea

worth trying?"
But the idea of changing the cricket

o prevent him?"
"Public opinion," was the conclusive

To an American accustomed to the rapid-

there any rule to make him?"

"Well, there's public opinion "What does that amount to?"

tire when five of its men were out

Why not?" asked the American

Englishman said it wouldn't do.

sisted the American.

you know, as it is

POOLED THE GOVERNMENT AND HOY A PRETTY BRILE.

Well, it's never been done, and it would Sained His Sainey as Postmaster by Buying Stamus Himself and Married by Pre-tending to He Dying—Too Stnart for take a change in the rules to do it, you Postal Service, Vows Frontier County.

OMAHA, Neb., June 26.-All Frontier county is marvelling over the exceeding wiliness of Uncle Samuel Razes, Uncle Samuel was the Postmaster at Curtis, but he was too smart to be the kind of declare his innings ended any time he likes, Postmaster that your Uncle Sam (the real thing) needed in his business, so Samuel junior is out. Also he has had to pay a fine of \$50 for offending against the Revised Statutes of the United States, which were framed to discourage his sort of smartness. But it is not that particular revelation of the cuteness of Uncle Samuel that tickles

Frontier county. It is quite another thing. Frontier county has beard how he wen shrewd but beautiful bride by sole exercise of the quality for which B'rer Fox is famous, and as often as the tale is told the county holds its sides in inexpressible delight. The only person who does not appreciate Samuel Razee and the joke is the bride.

The snows of many winters have changed the color of Uncle Samuel's hair and it is not so thick as it used to be. His chin whiskers are white, too, and long, and he is not so spry as he was once. But his mind is alert enough and he loves many of the

But the idea of changing the cricket rules was too much, especially as the suggestion came from an American. Yet that American has never yet been able to see why his suggestion might not be feasible. A good many years ago a ribald onlooker at a game explained to another that the "overs," when the players change ends, were for the purpose of giving the players needed exercise. Any one not a cricketer who has watched a game will agree with him. They have changed the rules a little, by making an over consist of five balls instead of six, but that is all.

The same American who made the suggestion about shorter innings suggested also that there might be a rule compelling a batsman to run when he had struck a ball. "That would need a change in the rules," said his English friend, conclusively.

"He needn't run now, need he? Well, what's to prevent a player from blocking every ball that comes to him and staying at the bat until the time is up, making the game a tie?"

"That would be physically impossible," said John Bull, decidedly.

"Grant that it were possible," persisted the untutored savage, "is there any rule to prevent him?"

"Public opinion," was the conclusive renly. joys dear to youth. Seven years ago they made him Postmaster of Curtis and he was a proud man on the day he took charge of the cancelling stamp and figured on the salary. It wasn't a big salary-only \$30 a month-but then the dignity of a fourth-class postmastership and the intimate knowledge of the affairs of the village that went with it were to be

considered. But by-and-by there came a partial drought for two or three years. Times were hard and about half of the population moved to more favored parts.

One day Postmaster Razee received an official communication from the Department at Washington calling his atention to the fact that there had been considerable falling off in the receipts of his office and pointing out that the sales of stamps there hardly warranted the maintenance of the office at all.

Uncle Samuel took a fresh chew and sat down to think it over, and presently out of his wiliness he evolved a plan. The next day he ordered \$200 worth of postage stamps and sent the cash for them with

with the order.

When they arrived he took a trip to Omaha to replenish his stock of general merchandise—for he ran a store in the same room as the Post Office—and paid for the goods with the stamps. for the goods with the stamps.

A few weeks later he repeated the operation. Then after the lapse of another fortnight he did it again, and kept on. Six months later he called the Department's attention to the rush of postal business at Curtis, sent in a memorandum of the stamp sales and inquired what the Government was going to do about it.

The result was that his office was advanced to the third class and his pay was increased from \$30 to \$65 a month. Uncle Samuel promptly took a farm and made a payment on it, all in two-cent postage stamps.

master's smartness was paying him so well he got other things to think about. The little blind god who respects neither the smart nor the dull drew an arrow on Uncle Samuel and hit him plumb where the damage was serious.

Her name was Tillie Hartwell. She was 18 and pretty and she did not reciprocate Uncle Samuel's affection. She told him she didn't like old men.

the wait is very long it is used for luncheon.

In the county matches last year 320 games were played, and out of these 122 were drawn because not finished within the specified time, which is two days. That is more than 35 per cent., and does not include abandoned games. It is little wonder that various means were suggested to make the games decisive in some way or another; and it is equally plain that British conservatism would rather have all the games drawn than alter the playing rules. But now comes Dr. Grace with a radical suggestion, that games shall last only one day, and that an inning shall be shortened! It is just what the American suggested ten years ago; but then he was not an Englishman. Dr. Grace is an Englishman: besides, he has made more than a hundred "cen-He thought that over a long time, but at length out of his smartness he hit upon another plan which was even more ingenlous than the scheme for raising the rev-enue of the Post Office. He represented to Tillie that he was rich, that he was in that he loved her and wanted to make

of him.

A few days after that an urgent message summoned her to the Post Office. Uncle Samuel was in bed and he seemed in a very

bad way indeed.
"I have only a few more days to live."
he assured her. "Marry me before I die
and take the farm. What do you think of it?"
Tillie regarded the solid acres of the farm visible from the window. Then she looked at Uncle Samuel's hectic flush and sunken eyes. He was an actor in his very

looked at Uncle Samuel's hectic flush and sunken eyes. He was an actor in his very young days and knows how to use grease paints. Uncle Samuel coughed a grave-yard cough, and her heart softened to him. He gasped that he had aiready paid a half on the farm, and she felt that she almoss loved him. She said "All right."

But when he urged that the marriage should take place that night she demurred. His pulse still seemed strong. Hasty marriages were in had taste, anyway. She said she would wait a week and departed.

Uncle Samuel thought a good deal more that night how to get the nuptials celebrated at once. Women are uncertain, and when you think you have 'em you sometimes make a mistake. The end of his thinking was that he made a little rubber bag from a toy balloon and filled is with heet juice.

The next day he sent word to Tillie that he was dying, and she had better come at once and bring a minister. When he heard their footsteps approaching he put the bag in his mouth, bit off one corner of it and began to cough convulsively.

Tillie, seeing the beet juice, became alarmed. She had heard of hemorrhages preceding death in consumption cases. She summoned a neighbor to hold Uncle Samuel in a sitting posture, and soon she and the Postmaster were married hard and fast. The beet juice held out admirably.

The next day Uncle Samuel was behind the counter in his store showing his bride how to distribute the mail. But they didn't live together long. Four days later the bride vanished.

While Uncle Samuel had been courting.

live together long. Four days later the bride vanished.

While Uncle Samuel had been courting the postal authorities in Washington had been investigating. Somehow the stamp sales at Curtis were out of proportion with the stamp cancellations. A Post Office inspector had been sent to find out about it and had made discoveries.

Just when he was happiest the blow fell. The Revised Statutes make it an offence for Postmasters to use postage stamps as money and under that provision Postmaster Razee was indicted and arrested.

Then the whole story of his smartness came out and the bride couldn't stand it. She fied and Uncle Samuel set about getting a divorce from her.

a divorce from her.

He pleaded guilty to the offence against the postal laws and the court took into consideration his smartness and advanced years, and inflicted the lowest penalty.

Last Friday he was fined \$50, paid it and was free.

free.

But he is no longer Postmaster and the general opinion of Fronti r county, as it holds its sides over the story, is that such a very smart man as Uncle Samuel was lost in the Postal Service and ought to be

Railroading Through Flames.

swappin' horses.

From the Tacoma Ledger.

Hot Springs, Wash., June 20.—For a distance of seven miles, the Green River Valley is a sea of flames. The east-bound passenger train reached Canton, nine miles below here at 5.30 o'clock this evening, but so fierce was the fire directly in front that the conductor dared not risk the run through it for several hours. It was nearly 9 o'clock before the signal was given to proceed, and then commenced a thrilling race for several miles. It appeared to the passengers that they were passing through a seething furnace. All windows were closed to protect them from the fierce flames while the train crew protected herees elives as best they could.